

REV. C. H. GOODMAN.

A CAPTIVE MISSIONARY IN MENDILAND:

*THE STORY OF THE REV. C. H. GOODMAN'S
WONDERFUL DELIVERANCE FROM DEATH, AND HIS
STRANGE EXPERIENCES DURING THE
SIERRA LEONE REBELLION.*

BY THE
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MISSIONS IN SIERRA LEONE.

“Nevertheless, though I am sometime afraid: yet put I my trust in
Thee.”—PSALM lvi. 3.

Mr. Goodman's favourite verse during his Captivity.

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

THE Methodist Free Churches are deeply attached to their Missions, and treasure no names more gratefully than those of the men and women who have served "Christ and the Church" in other lands. On our "Roll of Honour" are inscribed the names of noble workers who have given their lives in this glorious endeavour; and every Mission we hold, is sanctified to us, by the dust of our revered dead. Even Tikonko, though but a recent extension, will now be doubly precious to us, because its labours have been sealed with the blood of native martyrs.

For the present, our Missions in the Mendi country are destroyed; but there is no disposition on the part of our Churches, to abandon to their heathenism, the people who have wrecked such an interesting work. As soon as the conditions justify our return, we have scattered flocks to gather, old points of vantage to re-occupy, and all the original reasons to urge us to carry the Gospel to the savage Mendies who, by their terrible deeds, have so clearly demonstrated their great need of it.

Mr. Goodman is now in England, his medical attendant in Sierra Leone having ordered him home. When he arrived at Bonthe, on July 5th, his health was in such a precarious condition that this step was found imperative. Readers will be glad to hear that he is recovering from the serious effects of his captivity, and is visiting the Churches, and speaking to large and sympathetic congregations.

Had circumstances permitted, it would have been better that Mr. Goodman himself should have prepared this record of his remarkable adventures; for the author is painfully conscious that it is impossible for him to reproduce the charm that accompanies Mr. Goodman's "personal account." His own recital of his strange experiences, has everywhere impressed those who have been privileged to hear it, with his simple faith, his unselfish

devotion, his transparent sincerity, and the utter absence of bitterness towards those at whose hands he has suffered so terribly.

Many are surprised that he should think of returning to Mendiland; but to himself, it appears the most natural thing that he should desire to build again, that, which under such tragic circumstances, has been broken down.

Having had such close personal connection with the Tikonko Mission, it has been no easy task for me to record its destruction; but the pain I have experienced, has been subdued by the hope and prayer, that in some way, the circulation of this account may contribute to the early restoration of the work.

NOTE TO NEW EDITION.

WE are most grateful for the interest and indulgence with which this booklet has been received. The fact that a reprint is necessary so soon after its publication may be taken, not only as an evidence of the intense personal interest Mr. Goodman's story has awakened, but also as a sign of the revived missionary enthusiasm our Churches are experiencing.

Want of space forbids an attempt to describe the course of recent events in Mendiland, but one point calls for remark, as a misunderstanding has arisen over a statement published by one of the religious journals to the effect that Tikonko was utterly destroyed, and "would never be rebuilt." This remark referred, *not to the Mission—but to the walled town of Tikonko*, destroyed by the Government troops. It may be found wise to locate the Stations differently, but the field is ours by too many ties to think for a moment of its being surrendered.

WM. VIVIAN.

THE MANSE, BIRKENSHAW,
June, 1899.

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A Captive Missionary in Mendiland.

CHAPTER I.

A GLIMPSE OF MENDILAND.

WE assume that every reader of this booklet will have some acquaintance with that interesting little patch of our West African territory called Sierra Leone; a colony which long bore the unpleasant sobriquet of "The White-man's Grave;" but which, when the true historian arrives to enshrine it, will be found to possess a deeply romantic, as well as a sadly pathetic story.

Mendiland lies behind the Sierra Leone Colony and forms the southern portion of the recently declared Protectorate. Reference to the accompanying map will show the location and area occupied by the Mendies. The Protectorate contains in all about 30,000 square miles of territory, of which quite 10,000 belong to the people concerning whom we write. If a line is drawn from Rotufunk through Mongrey to Panguma it will roughly indicate the Northern border of the Mendi country, and all lying to the south is their land, with the exception of a narrow strip of the coast still in the occupation of the rapidly diminishing Sherbro tribe. The country is very fine, having several large rivers, and beyond the low border near the sea,

rising into a grand panorama of hills. The upper elevations of this hill-country are still covered with virgin bush, while the lower slopes display considerable areas under crude cultivation. The flat, stony portions produce a rough grass, while the lowlands near the swamps are covered with rich forests of oil palms.

There are two ways by which Mendiland may be reached from Sierra Leone: by sailing down the Coast and landing at Bonthe, 120 miles south of Freetown, or by the overland route *viâ* Songo Town and Rotufunk. For the latter, the new railway is now available to Waterloo, the first twenty miles of the journey. The Mendi area is by far the most rich, fertile, and populous region in the whole hinterland. It has greatly developed during the past ten years, and when peace is fully restored, will show itself capable of still greater improvement. It has abundance of palm-oil, kernels, rubber, and other export produce, and a rapidly increasing population ready to welcome all kinds of English goods.

The people are known to be warlike, cruel, and superstitious, and remained inaccessible long after the coast tribes had yielded to friendly overtures. Whatever corporate tribal life they may have originally possessed has long been dissolved, and until the English occupation prevented, they were constantly engaged in sanguinary slave raids, and bloody inter-tribal wars. With one or two exceptions, their social and political institutions are of the crudest kind, and the bulk of the population slaves. In thought and life they are utterly degraded: their religion is a benighted fetichism, and with the practice of witchcraft, society is perfectly honeycombed. Their secret associations are engines of corruption—courts wherein the darkest counsels of heathenism are brought to wicked perfection. The Porro with its devilry for boys, the Bundu with its unclean training for girls, the Leopard Society, with its hideous cannibalism, and the Humoi with its witch-mystery and death; with the excep-



MAP OF SIERRA LEONE PROTECTORATE PREPARED BY REV. W. VIVIAN
FOR THE MANCHESTER GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

tion of the "Leopard," these hold high rank among them, and embody the ruling ideas of a Mendi community. Physically they are a strong, muscular people; but mentally and morally they are in aboriginal darkness. And yet it would be wrong to regard them as utterly hopeless—dark as they are, gleams of light sometimes appear; and grossly depraved as they may be, we have often experienced at their hands an idyllic and patriarchal hospitality.

It is practically certain that the slave raiders of those old and bitter days, which happily, can return no more, were responsible for first introducing the Mendies, and many other representatives of surrounding tribes, into Sierra Leone. When Freetown, the capital of the Colony, became the home for liberated slaves, the babel of a people speaking sixty different languages was a terrible proof of the wide and pitiless work of the inhuman Slavers, who promoted the involuntary exodus of so many defenceless Africans from their own tribal lands.

At the present time the Mendi in Sierra Leone is "too well known to need introduction," and in connection with the recent rebellion has made himself so evil a name, and earned such a cruel distinction in the eyes of the Colonials, that it will take years to re-establish the sense of security which has been so tragically dissipated. Previous to the rising large numbers of Sierra Leone traders were settling in Mendiland, commerce was rapidly developing, missionary Societies were earnestly aggressive, proper government was being established, the drift of events tended to strengthen confidence, and there was scarcely a sign of the dark storm which has so suddenly burst. By swift, united, and relentless action the Mendies have risen, and swept back every sign of progress. Now, for a time, a gross heathenism is re-asserting itself; but it can only be for a limited period. The rising is already quelled, the rebellious chiefs are sending in their submission, the leaders are being punished, and before this can have passed through

the press, a military column will have traversed and probably annexed the entire region now known as the Protectorate.

We have no space to discuss the causes of this unhappy outburst ; but whether it can be traced to the imposition of the hut-tax, native resentment at the abolition of slavery, or the general repugnance of heathenism for civilisation, it has resulted in a deep and painful calamity. The poor misguided people have torn up the very foundations of their own advancement. Sierra Leone has been plunged into deep mourning for scores of her sons and daughters who have perished in the raids—eight white missionaries and many native helpers have been cruelly murdered—while property to the value of many thousand pounds has been plundered and destroyed—and a flourishing land left desolate.

CHAPTER II.

HERALDING THE NEW DAY.

MY first acquaintance with the Mendies occurred soon after my arrival in Sierra Leone, in 1887, and seeing our two Mendi stations at Senehu and Paitafu had just been destroyed by the Yonnie war, it was only natural that my thoughts should centre more readily in this than in any other tribe, and also that I should become deeply interested in the people and their country. This ultimately led, after the restoration of the above stations, to a prolonged tour in Mendiland in 1890, and this in its turn was followed in 1892 by the establishment of the Mission at Tikonko in the heart of the Mendi territory.

It is a strange and most impressive experience to pass the bounds of civilisation and plunge into African darkness for the first time. Even the purest light one can carry flickers and threatens extinction in the heavy gloom of such an atmosphere, and the strongest mind recoils from the pressure of the many problems there presented. But when the soul has re-adjusted itself by a firm grip on God, and a true vision of the redemptive work before it, there is nothing in the whole darkened panorama of heathen life that can quench in the missionary's heart the strong hope of a brighter day. The aboriginal man becomes an absorbing study, and every open door to his being is sympathetically entered as an avenue for

the regenerative exercise of those forces it is the missionary's sublime prerogative to represent.

There is, however, to the true missionary, one thing of more impressive interest still—that is the time of heathen awakening. To have the sounds of the crudest barbarism salute one while the voices of modern civilisation still ring in one's ears—to stand like a solitary and helpless spectator by the banks of the great rushing tide of heathen life—to be translated by a brief journey into actual contact with the gross degradations of savage men, must necessarily impress the heart of the Christian messenger; but it is not to be compared with the deep and intense emotion he feels when he sees the signs of departing night, and his vision is gladdened by the first light that heralds the dawn of a new day. No astronomer can feel more deeply, when his night-vigils are rewarded by the discovery of a new world, than the missionary does, when the dense shadows of heathenism creep back and benighted men emerge from the slough of centuries. That is the hour of his triumph: where others have seen only a slave, he has discovered a man; where the materialist has seen only a brute, he has discovered a soul; where cynicism has recognised only a barbarian, he has discovered an immortal; and no joy on earth exceeds that experienced in such Divine work.

We had every reason to hope that we were on the eve of such an awakening in our Mendi Mission. Many years of patient and prayerful toil had been ungrudgingly given, and we were not without signs of encouragement; but before we could gather our harvest the storm burst, wrecking our hopes and scattering our work. The Mission was spread over a considerable area (see Map); there being three residential centres for the missionaries, and a fourth in process of establishment. Paitafu, the oldest station, was in charge of a native Lay Agent, and a really interesting work was being carried on there and in the surrounding villages. These villages, or

"fakies" as they are called, are very numerous within a radius of twenty miles, and every one of them was supposed to be reached at least once a quarter. Mapophi, which took the place of Senebu after the war of 1887, is on the south bank of the Bompe river, and was also in charge of a native Lay Agent,



THE MAPOPHI CHAPEL AND TEACHER'S HOUSE.
(Discovered.)

whose chief work was to visit the quaint little towns of the river-side folk. His canoe was a familiar object on the river, as week-days and Sundays he was paddled about in his scattered and unhealthy diocese.

When the time for extension arrived, we went into the "regions beyond" and opened a Mission at Tikonko, 120 miles farther inland. Everything promised brightly; we secured land, arranged for temporary buildings, which the chief himself assisted in erecting, instituted services, gathered a day-school, and threw heart and soul into the development of the new station. Great interest was awakened in our home churches; Rev. C. H. Goodman was appointed to have charge of that work, aided by Mr. and Mrs. Vercoe and several native helpers. It was hoped to make Tikonko a bright, strong centre of religious influence in the Mendi country; the bush was cleared for better buildings, and at great cost and after much toil, a house adapted for European residents was constructed, as was also a suitable chapel for public services. Morning meetings were daily held, public worship was conducted at five different places on Sundays, surrounding towns were visited, and every effort made to influence the people. We had no properly qualified medical man, but there were so many calls for assistance that Mr. Goodman, who had a useful acquaintance with drugs, gave many hours a-week to the treatment of such patients as came, and to the impression made by his services he largely owes his spared life.

It would be strange if all this Christian activity did not impress the people, and though at first they failed to understand it, many of them at last learned to trust the missionaries implicitly. The oppressed fled to the Mission for security, the sick were brought for medicine, the children were obtained as scholars, the Gospel was attentively heard, and a new atmosphere seemed to surround the place. The latest advance was the appointment of an agent to Panguma, some distance further inland; but before he could arrive the rebellion had blocked the roads, and made travelling unsafe.

At the time of the rising on 1st May, 1898, we had in the Mendi Mission 569 persons on our church roll, seventy-one

of whom were in full membership. In one terrible week the work of years was scattered, and such of our native converts as now remain in the country are "as sheep having no shepherd." The Agents of the Paitafu and Mapophi Stations escaped with difficulty to Freetown—the former having wandered several days in the bush; but every native worker at Tikonko was put to death, and in addition to this sad loss of life we have to lament the destruction of property valued at between £3000 and £4000. Yet dark as this calamity is, we have, in the wonderful deliverance of Mr. Goodman, and the wives of our native workers, profound reason for thankfulness.

CHAPTER III.

THE BLAST OF THE MENDI WAR-HORN.

STANDING in front of the Tikonko Mission-house we could easily see, on a slight elevation across a narrow valley, the walls of the native town peeping through the dense bush. To the right, hidden in the deep obscurity of thickest foliage, the secret meetings of the "Humoi" were held, and the spot was over-shadowed by a giant cotton tree that lifted itself in majestic proportions high above its leafy companions. At a certain period of the year this tree, in common with its kind, presented a most striking appearance, being covered with beautiful bloom, which finally yielded huge pods of downy silk-cotton. We were standing outside the house one evening enjoying the rapid fall in the temperature, when a most imposing spectacle presented itself. As the sun sank down to its rest, the whole western sky flared with a brilliant and angry red ; while in the east, on the low horizon, black clouds arched themselves up in a way that indicated a tornado. The gorgeous colour quickly faded out of the west, leaving a strong, grey after-light, while the cloud-masses in the east increased their ominous frown. We seemed just in the centre of a strange coming conflict between east and west ; the contrast was uncanny ; even the insects were hushed, and a deathlike stillness fell about us. This was disturbed by a gentle wind — then suddenly with a loud crash the hurricane burst, and the unrestrained fury of the

tornado shook the place. Strong trees swayed like willows, large rain-drops fell heavily, and the thunder made the woods echo with its artillery; but the most memorable object was the silk-cotton tree that stood white-robed and lofty, like a guardian angel of the forest. The storm struck the tree as if determined to uproot it; it spent its maddest violence upon it—tearing blossoms, bursting silk-pods, and shedding its whole fruitage in the whirling tempest. Then came a strange transformation—a sort of silken snow-storm; and the air was filled with myriads



GRAVES OF MISSIONARIES AT KOLUFENG.

of seeds floating on silken wings and driven by the furious storm. The tornado had smitten the tree and stripped it; but its fury served only to carry its seed to a wider planting. In the calm, the tree would have dropped its seed at its own roots; in the storm, it was carried to the distant river, and wafted to a home in forests remote. What was spectacle then is parable now: a cruel tempest has swept over the Mendi Mission, stripping it utterly; yet this storm is as powerless to

destroy the work, as the early persecutions were to uproot the Christian Church. The seed has been scattered; but only as bread cast upon the waters, to be gathered "after many days."

The revolt did not originate with the Mendies, but when the word had passed to them from the Timanee war-camp, it spread through the land with the fury of a prairie fire. They were immediately carried away with a mad rage for blood and plunder, and ransacked the whole region for trading factories to destroy, or English-speaking people to kill. They succeeded in both, and have added a supremely sad chapter to Sierra Leone history. Port Lokko and Karene experienced the first shock, the Timanees under Bai Bureh offering a strong resistance to our Government troops. It was here the unfortunate Principal of Fourah Bay College, the Rev. W. J. Humphrey, was killed. He had just returned from a furlough at Canary, and was seeking to visit his co-workers (C.M.S.) in the disturbed district. He met his death while persisting in an attempt to pass through the native fighting lines. He was the first missionary to fall, but when his fate became known the havoc was swift and deadly.

Travelling south the war-fever reached Rotufunk, where a splendid work was being done by American missionaries. Five of them—Rev. I. N. Cain, his wife, and three other ladies, were captured and brutally murdered, the place plundered and everything destroyed. This happened on the first days in May, and was only one of the many terrible evidences of a pre-concerted arrangement for the general conflagration; the land became a veritable Gehenna—plunder, murder, and fire triumphed. The Shengey missionaries barely escaped with their lives; but Mr. and Mrs. M'Grew at Tiamma met a like cruel fate with their Rotufunk friends. The rebellion was now in full swing, and the country over-run with hordes of war-boys commissioned to "drive the English into the sea." Towns

were burnt, factories plundered, and scores of defenceless people done to death. A few managed to flee, but their sufferings and exposure in the bush made escape itself an agony.

At Tikonko, after a certain period of disquiet, the outlook quickly became most grave. Friendly natives warned Mr. Goodman and his colleagues of what was coming ; indeed, the most extravagant and conflicting rumours were current ; but when the gravity of the situation was fully apprehended escape was impossible. There were women and children to be cared for, and even had carriers been obtained, the little company would have been massacred ere they could have reached the shelter of the nearest military out-post.

Meantime, the missionaries, now thoroughly conscious of their danger, were doing all they could to secure protection. Mr. Goodman, accompanied by Mr. Johnson, several times waited on Chief Sandy and his head-men, who confessed that demands had come from Bumpe that the Mission people should be given up to be killed ; they also said that the Bumpe people were very angry with them for resisting their wishes, and had even threatened that if the white man (Goodman) was not delivered up, they would "pull their hands" from fighting against the English and come over and destroy Tikonko. Nothing satisfactory transpired from these interviews, and after each fruitless attempt, the missionaries returned home to commend themselves afresh to God, and prepare as best they could to meet the coming blast.

Friday, April 28th, was a time of great excitement ; the crisis was ripening with alarming rapidity. Messengers were speeding through the land carrying sprays of charred bush—the signal to prepare for war ; parents came to entreat that the school-children might be allowed to come into the town ; friends begged the missionaries to go away ; and later on, fear rose to a panic when a message was brought that Makkia, a noted

warrior, was coming against Tikonko in the early hours of Saturday morning. The chiefs at once called a council, runners were dispatched to the fakies to assemble the tribesmen to repair the fences, and the greatest excitement prevailed.

The alarm proved a canard, being indeed only a ruse of the war-party to fan the war-spirit and excuse the repair of the stockades. They carried their point, however, for during Saturday and Sunday the trenches and the bush were alive with men fortifying the town. Once only did they falter, but they were soon persuaded to return to the task they had abandoned.

Musa, one of the sub-chiefs opposed to the war, came upon them in the midst of their activity.

"What do you know about war?" asked the old man, indignantly; "You are a lot of *little boys*," he added, contemptuously, "and know nothing of the trouble you are buying for to-morrow!"

This was too much for the self-respect of the inflamed wall-builders; they stopped their howling, threw down their tools, and retired grossly insulted.

But it was only a brief respite; soon the war-horns gave another blast; again the drums were beaten, the offended builders rallied, and the die was cast.

CHAPTER IV.

APPROACHING THE CRISIS.

THE Bumpe Mendies occupied a strong town about twelve miles north of Tikonko, and were an independent, notorious, and aggressive people. In addition to demanding that the Missionaries should be given up, they did everything they could to incite the Tikonkos to fall upon the Mission and plunder it—but, for a time at least, they did not prevail.

On the Saturday evening, a big deputation from Tikonko came to wait on Mr. Goodman. The leading chiefs, Sandy, Musa, Alley and others, were accompanied by a numerous following of subordinates. As they passed Mr. Johnson's residence on the way to the new Mission-house, one of the party was heard to say, "We could come in any night from a fakie and set fire to this!"

These were the rulers and influential men of Tikonko, and upon their verdict the fate of the Mission would hang! They filed into the piazza, but their looks were not assuring, and their manner was constrained. The burden of their plea was that the missionaries should leave the place—go away for some months and put the property into their charge. The Bumpe people were still threatening, and were getting so fierce that their coming could only be delayed a little longer.

To this Mr. Goodman replied, as at previous interviews; if they desired it, the missionaries were willing to go away,

but it was impossible to do so without carriers. If the chiefs failed to provide the only means of escape, then they were bound by the provisions of their treaty to protect them while they remained.

This was indeed, a true statement of the position, and was so far recognised as such, that Sandy, one of the pacific party interposed a speech on behalf of standing by the missionaries, recalling how they had lived among them for a long time, and were almost "as children born of their own mothers." The strength of the opposition was now evident, for this speech was received with strong dissent, some of the chiefs walked away, and the gathering broke up without solving the problem.

The critical and dangerous position now became doubly painful, for it was too evident to justify even a lingering doubt, that the war-party would have its own way. There was no safety in flight—there was no security in Tikonko. A brave attempt was made to hold the usual services on the Sunday; but the day was full of distractions. Late in the evening, Sandy came to report that the Bumpes were now on their way and had arrived at a neighbouring fakie. He persisted in his absurd entreaty that the missionaries should leave, though he still failed to provide a single carrier! It puzzles one to decide whether the friendship of Sandy was impotent or insincere; for while he seemed most anxious to get the missionaries away, he gave them no help whatever.

That night the village on the other side of the road was deserted—the people taking refuge in the walled town. Mr. Theo. Roberts and his wife (the industrial teachers) together with the Mission girls, also retired to Tikonko. Mr. Pratt (the carpenter), sought shelter among the friendlies, and the town must have been full of refugees from the surrounding farms and fakies. The Johnsons spent some time in the town, but returned to their own house at midnight. There was no sleep on the Mission: Mr. Goodman, armed

with his breech-loader, patrolled between the Mission-house and Mr. Johnson's residence—peril was near, but the time was not yet. The weary hours at last brought the dawn, and with the light of that fateful Monday the people again ventured forth from the shelter of the town, the deserted village was re-occupied, and a few people passed on to their farms.



REV. F. H. GOODMAN AND THE THOKEO DAY-SCHOOL

During the early morning, word was again brought that war was certainly approaching, and rapid preparations were made to face it. As early as possible Messrs. Goodman and Johnson determined to make another appeal to the chiefs. They first

waited upon Alley, an old and influential man, but a reticent and somewhat difficult person to understand. Their suspicions were aroused by the excuse brought them in response to their request for an interview.

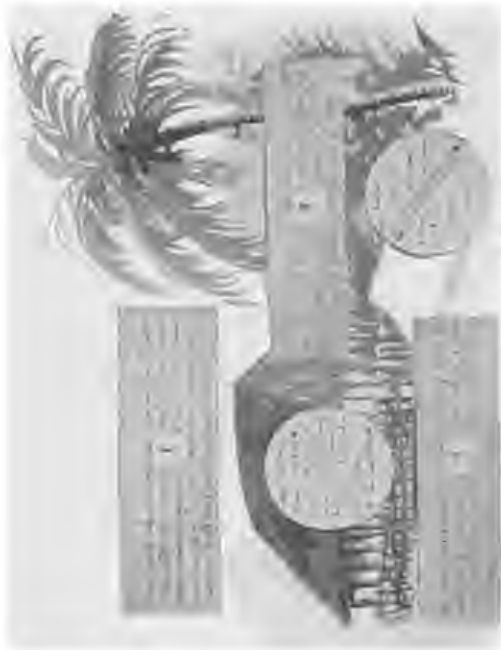
"Daddy Alley is asleep."

"We know what *that* means," said Mr. Johnson, as they passed with heavy hearts to Sandy's compound; "he does not *intend* to see us."

After some search Sandy and Musa were found together. They were quite willing to discuss the situation and professed that they personally had no desire for war; but theirs was a very difficult position, as the majority of their co-chiefs were trying to force their hands, and the Bumpé people continued threatening.

Mr. Goodman pointed out that Tikonko had nothing to fear from the English, as they had already paid part of the hut-tax; and as for the Bumpés—had not Tikonko conquered them before? If the Bumpés brought the threatened war, would the chiefs allow the missionaries to come into the town and take their chance with the people of Tikonko? They had lived with them for a long time, and surely had some claim to consideration. They would not ask the impossible, but they were really entitled to such protection as they could give.

But not a crumb of real help could our imperilled friends obtain. The chiefs were friendly, plausible, and talkative; but no concession or sacrifice would they make. After a prolonged interview, Musa summed up their reply in the following characteristic parable. "There was once a Mendiman who was *supposed* never to have told a *lie*. One day, certain of his friends determined they would try his truthfulness. So they took an earthen pot that would hold what the Mendies call a 'bar' of palm-oil. Into this pot they first poured water, and over that they filled in oil to the brim. Then they



AMONG THE MIKON CHILDREN AT PUCONKI.
(*Children taught—Children's names—Kampion of Britain.*)

called for the truthful man and asked him to say how much *oil* the vessel contained. This was his safe reply: *If* there is no water under it, the pot contains one bar of oil; but *if* there is water in the pot, the oil will be less!"

"And," added Musa, giving his own interpretation, "we cannot say what we can do. We do not want to lie. 'If' we can help you, we will; 'if' we cannot, you will understand." With this unsatisfactory answer the missionaries had to be content.

As the day wore on to noon, groups of Mendies were observed loitering about the Mission gates, and staring impertinently into the houses. The majority were strangers, and behaved in a most suspicious manner. Mr. Johnson drew Mr. Goodman's attention to the fact that they carried sticks, stones, &c., and were evidently intent on mischief.

Word was sent to Sandy, who caused the men to be dispersed; but they soon re-assembled, and it began to be whispered that Mafway had already been destroyed, many of its traders killed, and Mr. Allen (a Sierra Leonean, and a great friend to the missionaries), taken to Bumpe. To confirm this disturbing news one of the loiterers boldly confessed that he had taken part in the loot.

It was now clear what this gathering of strange men meant; here was evidence of the gravest kind that the missionaries were nearing their own fate, whatever that might be; and every report brought by friendlies confirmed the increasing gravity of the position.

CHAPTER V.

THE RAID ON THE MISSION.

JUST before two o'clock there was a lull in the excitement, the fierce heat of the day apparently having led the crowds of strange men to withdraw themselves. Around the Mission all was comparatively quiet: a welcome respite after the strain and tension of the previous night. Having seen to the comfort of a sick man named Thompson, a trader from Ficondo, Mr. Goodman retired to his house hoping for a little rest. Meantime everything was done to prepare for an emergency. Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, together with Mr. Pratt and the school-children, had continued in Tikonko, and such portable things as could be taken were now being transferred to the town. Mr. Goodman, assisted by Boyma, a faithful school-boy, and also by Mr. Campbell, the teacher, had packed a couple of small boxes, and was almost ready to leave, while the Johnsons had previously dispatched part of their belongings.

But the quiet was only the strange stillness that precedes the tornado. The men who had congregated about the Mission in the morning had disappeared only to perfect their plans, and wait for some fortuitous circumstance that might give apparent justification to their dastardly work. The "psychological moment" arrived sooner than the lurking cowards anticipated, and in a flash of time passion had burst its restraints, like a charge of dynamite touched by an electric spark.

On the Tikonko side, the Mission land falls in a gentle slope

to a muddy stream crossed by an irregular bridge ; beyond is the main road, shadowed by dense bush, and farther still, on an elevation, the walled town. In the portion of the war-fence overlooking this road is one of the barricaded doors, and this was the entrance used in passing to and from the Mission. It was near this entrance the war-boys struck their first blow, and having so done, immediately cast hesitation to the winds.

The first desire of the missionaries had been to stand by the property and protect it; but when it was clearly manifest that this was no longer possible, they decided, as the only other course open to them, to intrust themselves to the doubtful protection of Tikonko. Mr. Goodman's boxes were now on the ground in front of the Mission-house, and the Johnsons, who had sent forward two children with their last packages, were locking up their house preparatory to following them.

As the children neared the town, it was observed that a crowd of Mendies had swiftly collected, and before the entrance could be gained, they made a dash to possess themselves of what the children carried, and so the fray began.

The fury and suddenness of the onslaught frightened the poor children, who ran screaming away. One did manage, for a time, to escape, but the other appears to have been secured, and the greedy captors were proceeding to divide the loot, when the noise alarmed the missionaries. Finding that the children had been molested, and their goods were being stolen, Mrs. Johnson, heedless of the danger, hurried to the place and fearlessly threw herself into the midst of the *mêlée*, hoping to regain her possessions. Her courage and her entreaties were alike unavailing ; their opportunity had arrived, and the Mendies made a vicious attack upon her. During the fierce struggle which ensued Mr. Johnson rushed bravely to the rescue of his wife, but there could only be one issue to such a hopeless encounter. Outnumbered and unarmed, the Johnsons were soon overpowered, and at the mercy of the furious war-boys.

It is a wonder they were not immediately killed ; they, however, suffered terribly. Mrs. Johnson's clothes were literally torn from her back, she was beaten most brutally, and the money she had endeavoured to hide, scattered all over the road. Mr. Johnson fared still worse, for someone having a sword dealt him a murderous slash across the face, from which he suffered agony ; and they stripped him so roughly of his clothes as to almost dislocate his shoulders. Bleeding and naked, they both made an effort to reach the town door, but just as they gained it, some heartless savage within shut it in their faces, and their story would probably have ended there but for a most opportune diversion.

Hearing the tumult, but without quite understanding its seriousness, Mr. Goodman ran, gun in hand, accompanied by Mr. Campbell, as far as the bridge, from whence they could easily see that there had been a conflict. To their appearance at that critical moment the Johnsons owed their temporary deliverance.

"The white man !" "To the Mission !" "To the Mission !" The Mendies took up the cry unitedly : then with a mad yell they dashed down the bank, and tore wildly along the bridge to the point where Mr. Goodman was standing. Retiring to the rising land within the Mission palings, he stood commanding the crowded bridge with his gun, while the furious mob urged each other onward. He hesitated for a moment—there was a mental flash as to consequences—he lowered his gun and turned quickly in the direction of Boyma and the boxes.

When Mr. Goodman elevated his gun to cover the advancing horde of ferocious natives, and bravely lowered it again without firing, he did what many in his circumstances would have found it impossible to do. He knew that that wave of infuriated men meant the sweeping away of his Mission—the destruction of the cherished work of years ; but when he refused to shoot, he was forgetting the agony of the present in

the hope of the future. They might raid the Mission : but they could not uproot it ! It was a moment when thought sublimated into vision, and he said to himself, "*If I kill a Tikonko mother's son, it will be remembered against the Mission if I live to come back.*" He lives, and in all probability will go back. Who shall say what that forbearance shall count in the days to come ?

Both himself and Mr. Campbell managed to reach the shelter of the bush, though at different points—after which they never met again.

When Mr. Goodman arrived where Boyma was, he had already secreted one box, and was doing his best to drag the other to a place of security in the thick undergrowth. Plunging into the leafy protection, Mr. Goodman called the lad to follow him ; but being a Mendi, and so in no real danger of his life, he made a plucky effort to save the package. He was overtaken, however, by one of the raiders, and in the tussle which ensued the box was burst open and its contents scattered. Then Boyma too became a fugitive.

The entire property was now in the unresisted possession of the war-boys, and they undertook the infamous pillage with howls of delight. The cloud had burst at last, and in a few hours the misguided natives had reduced the Tikonko Mission to ruins, and prepared a cruel fate for its missionaries.

CHAPTER VI.

A NIGHT OF STRANGE ADVENTURES.

WHO shall describe the feelings of our friend as he crept into the tangled jungle to hide from the fury of the very people for whom he had so long daily hazarded his life? No man could possibly have given himself more patiently and unselfishly to them than he had done, yet in their blind anger they had driven him to the danger and loneliness of the forest, and in their greed they were destroying and plundering all he valued.

He could hear the noise of the uproar as the crowd of invaders increased, and believing he might be pursued, he determined to make his way as quickly as possible to his native colleagues in the town. For this purpose he cautiously approached the Bumpe road that would lead him to the northern entrance, hoping thus to avoid detection. Keeping well under cover he had, without being observed, almost reached the war-fence, when he met two women and a man hurrying out with plunder. At his unexpected appearance they were seized with great fear, and turning in hot haste they re-entered the town. He followed closely at their heels, never dreaming what was about to happen. They had already passed through, and his foot was almost on the threshold, when, with a loud bang, the door was shut in his face.

Perhaps not till then did he fully realise the utter calamity that had overtaken him and his friends. While there was the

faintest chance that Tikonko would befriend them, there was ground to hope that the Mission would be saved; but the din in the Mission-clearing showed what was happening there; Tikonko had shut him out; and the whole surrounding country was hostile.

There was God alone to trust in now; and the bush wherein to hide.



MISSION HOUSE AT TIKONKO.

"I was ten years older," says Mr. Goodman, "with the clang of that door! I could not help saying in the bitterness of my disappointment, 'This is the thanks for six years' service!'"

Wearied and disheartened he turned sadly back on the Bumpe-road again. As he wandered on, not knowing what would happen or where to go, the excessive strain of the past night seemed suddenly to tell upon him, and it was with great effort that he finally reached a place of security. This he found in

the Mission bush, and no very considerable distance behind the house. Covering his white helmet with leaves that it might not betray him, he sat cramped and hatless behind a tree, remaining thus in prayer and anxiety for some hours. He was near enough to hear the talk of the war-boys, and the woods about him echoed with the sound of their axes as they chopped and slashed in the work of destruction.

By-and-by the lengthening shadows told that day was dying, and the evening lightning began to play in the branches overhead. The voices could no longer be heard in the clearing, and the axes ceased to crash into the woodwork of the houses. Night was coming on and the marauders had gone home to dine off the missionary's tinned-goods, while he, poor fellow, crouched alone and hungry in the darkening forest.

As soon as he deemed it safe, he determined to venture into the house hoping to find something that might allay his hunger. He had barely reached the out-buildings when he narrowly escaped running into the arms of a man who was coming out of the kitchen. Retreating again to the shadow of the bush he surveyed the pitiful wreck before him. It was distressing to behold the havoc : it was like a cruel nightmare from which he could not awake. The fine house he had left a few hours before had been hacked into ruins ; all the doors and windows had been cut out, the furniture carried away, and a confused litter of paper bestrewed the place.

Approaching voices warned him to hide again, and between the rapid flashes of lightning he picked his way from tree to tree. It now darkened very fast, and it was evident that a tornado was near. Those who know what a tropical storm of this sort is, will pity the poor fugitive as he vainly shelters under the leafiest canopy he can find. Fiercer lightning came, quickly followed by terrific peals of thunder ; then the hissing wind and the downpour of rain. In a few seconds there was not a dry thread on his body, and his misery was complete.

It did not take him long to recognise that a night in the bush in that condition would mean certain death from fever; so he determined to make another effort to get into Tikonko. The worst they could do would be to kill him, but better that, than the fate that would certainly overtake him if he remained where he was.

Making his way to the stream, now swollen and muddy, he waded painfully some distance up its course, then climbing the steep bank he made for a portion of the fence where there was an old breach. After groping in the dark for some time, to his great relief he found it, and a moment after was inside and making his way swiftly to Sandy's Compound.

When Mr. Goodman dashed, gun in hand, into the midst of Sandy and his friends, he must have given them a terrible fright; they could not have evinced more consternation at an apparition—and some of them fled in terror. But his appeal to Sandy was reassuring, and his muddy plight could not fail to excite the sympathy of the chief to whom he had shown many kindnesses. He was passed to an inner room and told that since he had come in this way the best would be done to care for him.

Boyma was soon on the spot, and in glad surprise doing all he could to attend to Mr. Goodman's wants. Using Sandy's authority and a little native guile, Boyma was soon able to regain both the boxes before referred to, and in a short time our friend was comfortably inside his warm dry clothes. The shelter of that mud hut was heaven compared to the inhospitable bush—so he thanked God and took courage.

His security, however, was doomed to be brief. Those who fled from his advent had spread the rumour that he was in the town, and as soon as the tornado was over the war-horns blared, and the alarm was given. More native guile was exercised also, for instead of boldly challenging Sandy to give up Mr. Goodman, a general message was sent round

threatening the imposition of a severe penalty on anyone hiding the white man. Sandy came in great alarm and on his knees entreated Mr. Goodman to leave Tikonko again, promising to find him shelter in an adjoining town. No time was to be lost, so divesting himself of his boots, secreting his helmet, and enveloped in a large native cloth, he followed Sandy out into the night, hoping to pass as a sick woman. So complete was the disguise, that he went undiscovered through two groups of war-boys who did nothing worse than chaff a little at the way he crippled along.

As he passed between his enemies his heart beat faster, and he held his breath ; but the war-boys never suspected that the feet about which they were joking were the stockinged-feet of the white man whom they sought.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CRUEL FATE OF THE NATIVE WORKERS.

THE yell that the war-boys gave when they recognised Mr. Goodman and dashed down the bank toward the Mission, was the signal to Tikonko that the raid had commenced. There could be no mistaking that terrible cry as it swept onward in the direction of the Missionaries' houses, and at the sound of it, the town was almost emptied of its inhabitants. Those outside the walls had the start, but they were almost immediately joined by the crowds that had been waiting within for this fatal hour to strike.

The Johnsons by the western door were almost trampled on as the fierce crowds rushed past them—Mendies with the light of hell in their eyes, and an awful greed written upon their faces. The rush, however, was fortunate for them, for it provided the opportunity for entering the town, that had been previously denied. As the door burst open the people poured out like water, and when the force of the current was spent, they dragged themselves painfully forward to a place of shelter.

All that transpired during the following days can never be fully known, but such fragments as have come to us are pitiful in the extreme. People who had been quiet, friendly, and responsive, were suddenly possessed by an inhuman frenzy, and with a bound, heathenism seemed instantly to reassert itself. This was something more serious than the "hut-tax"

would account for; it was an attempt at revolution, an endeavour to hark back to the traditions and institutions of the old heathenism. The fact is, the "hut-tax" was only an incident in the new progress, and while it was made the immediate excuse for the rising, the true reason must be sought in the relentless antagonism with which the new order is resented. It is a dying heathenism offering a desperate resistance to the coming of progress and civilisation. If this had been simply and only a rebellion on the merits of the



REV. TIMOTHY CAMPBELL.
(School Teacher.)

"hut-tax" there would be no sufficient reason, even in the native mind, for the violence and hatred implied in the murder of missionaries; but when it comes to the broad question of the irresistible doom overtaking the institutions of heathenism, then the dullest among them can see that the missionaries are at the "head and front" of the offenders, and also, that while the Government creates the law that destroys slavery, &c., the missionaries embody and express the great

forces undermining the fetishism behind which the old heathenism entrenched itself.

Of our own martyrs, Mr. Campbell was the first to suffer. He had been connected with the Mission from its commencement, beginning as a pupil-teacher, but latterly in entire charge of the school. We might have employed many a Sierra Leone lad with brighter talents, but it would have been difficult to secure one more faithfully attached to his work; he was making good progress with the language, and his preaching was such that the Mendies could not fail to understand.



MRS. J. C. JOHNSON.



REV. J. C. JOHNSON.
(In charge of *Illustrating Work*.)

When he gained the bush in safety, instead of biding in the vicinity of the town, he appears to have made an attempt to escape across country in the direction of Mattieu; after long wandering, however, he was captured and taken to Bumpo. Here he met the cruel fate shared by so many others who had the misfortune to be taken there; he was led to the riverside and brutally murdered the day following the raid.

The Rev. J. C. Johnson, the native minister, was the next

victim. It will be a most difficult thing to supply the place his sad death has left vacant. He had charge of the Itineration and the out-stations. He was thoroughly conversant with the language and customs of the Mendies, having resided among them for many years. He and his wife narrowly escaped slaughter in 1887, when the Yonnies raided Sonahu, where he was then a lay agent. He was promoted to the rank of minister after his appointment to Tikonko.



MRS. THEO. ROBERTS.



MR. THEO. ROBERTS.

(Industrial Teachers.)

It was soon evident to the Johnsons that though they had obtained shelter in the town there was no such thing as security. Mr. Johnson was dreadfully disfigured, his nose having dropped off, but nothing could be done to alleviate his misery, so he suffered much from his cruel wound. After a while they were separated, he being confined in one house, and his wife and children in another. When she saw him again they were taking him away to his death.

Hearing his voice in prayer she pressed her face against the door. He was surrounded by Tikonko men, who were tying

him, and without a word of farewell he was hurried away. For a time a veil of mercy was drawn over what had happened; but when suspense was ended, it gave place to the cruel knowledge that he was dead. They had taken him along the Bumpo road, killed him, and flung his unburied body on the Mission land.



THE Muddy Well INTO WHICH THE SUFFERING WORKERS WERE THROWN.

Of Mr. Roberts, or "Theo" as we usually called him, I find it difficult to write. He was in the Freetown Mission House when I went in 1887, and one of the last things I did before leaving the Colony, was to marry him, from the same house, to Miss Sally Cole. He was a most lovable and faithful

friend, and she in every way suitable as his helpmeet. They had charge of the industrial department.

Under the protection of Musa, though hope was gone, they remained unmolested in Tikonko till Sunday, May 8th. Mr. Campbell had died on the Tuesday, Mr. Johnson on the Wednesday, and on Friday Mr. Goodman had been betrayed into the hands of the Bumpes. On the previous Sunday "Theo" had conducted service with the others in the town, to-day he was led out of it to die a martyr's death. He refused to eat, and spent his last hours in prayer for God's mercy on those who were about to murder him. When the war-boys surrounded his hiding-place he was brought out, tied, and led to the Mission. Close to his own house he met his sad fate, his body being afterwards cast into the well.

Mr. Pratt, the carpenter, Mr. Thompson, the sick man, together with another Sierra Leone trader, were all dealt with in the same way.

During this black week the people had swarmed about the Mission, plundering and destroying to their hearts' content. They were like vultures whose gorge could not be sated, and their unholy zeal continued while there was a solitary thing to steal.

The men having now been all disposed of, only the women and children remained. Concerning the children there would be no difficulty; those who had no relatives in Tikonko would be distributed as slaves. The fate of the women was another matter. Should they be killed also and their silence ensured? Apparently this opinion was favoured, for Mrs. Roberts was actually led away with a rope round her neck and made to sit where her husband's blood had been shed, though she was afterwards taken back to town and a respite granted. When the case was fully gone into the three women, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Roberts, and a Mrs. George (who had only been at Tikonko a few days), were

made to sit naked on a mat like slaves, while a decision was arrived at.

Here a gleam of humanity appeared in the midst of what was otherwise so savage and pitiless. When nothing else would stay their hands, Mrs. Johnson's condition of approaching motherhood appealed to them, and someone was found to plead that the women should be spared. At this juncture a messenger arriving from Bumpe reported that the King had refused to put Mr. Goodman to death; this news helped the decision, and the women were reprieved. Thus the black week that commenced with a triumph of heathenism ended in an act of humanity.

CHAPTER VIII.

BEFRIENDED AND BETRAYED.

FOLLOWING his guide with great difficulty over the rough road to Genda's town, a large section of which was Sandy's own property, Mr. Goodman was secretly housed under the cover of friendly darkness within the chief's compound. It was really the women's quarter, and all the safer from intrusion on that account. The place was guarded and the door secured after he had entered, but only with the object of preventing his being discovered. One woman was left to make a wood fire in the centre of the mud floor, and having performed her service in evident terror, gave a look of intense relief as she clambered through the window and re-joined her friends outside.

He was now left alone till early morning, but it was only possible to obtain a very short sleep. Within the guarded hut he was comparatively safe, yet grief at the terrible calamity, and fear as to the fate of his co-workers kept his mind in a ferment of pain, and made anything like true rest out of the question. The same condition of intense excitement obtained among the Tikonkoites, for a sort of war council was convened quite near to his hiding-place. The incessant tramp of his enemies' feet shook the hut, and the hoarse shouts of the leaders haranguing the war-boys filled his ears.

Gradually, however, the clamour subsided, and when the night was far spent, thoroughly wearied out, Mr. Goodman

fell asleep. Before daybreak he was roused by Sandy whose apprehension made another move necessary. He would not be safe in the hut during the day, he must hide again in the bush. So they led him into the dim morning, while the swamp-fog still hung in thick malarial wreaths, and they hid him in the tangled brushwood while it was yet damp and chill with the dews of night. Need we say it was a day of misery and suffering?

During the afternoon someone brought him a pineapple, his sole refreshment for the day, and late in the evening when it almost began to look as if they had abandoned him, he was fetched back again to Genda's town, and sheltered in the same house in which he had passed the previous night.

From this time until Friday he remained in close confinement, seeing only those who were deputed by Sandy to wait upon him, and kept in entire ignorance of the tragedies being enacted on his beloved Mission. On this day there was a strange quiet observable about the place—it was still and deserted. He could not hear the women singing as they pounded the rice for the morning meal—indeed, they appeared to have entirely withdrawn from their own quarters. For some time, Mr. Goodman was left alone, but was roused at last by the presence of a messenger, who reported that "Sandy wished to see him."

It was one of his own school-boys who had been cruelly forced to act the part of decoy, in order to lure the missionary from his place of shelter.

"Where is Sandy?" he asked, coming forward to the door.

"There," replied the lad, vaguely waving his hand.

"Wait till I put on my coat," said Mr. Goodman, beginning, from the constraint of the boy, to suspect something was wrong. When he returned to the door the frightened lad had disappeared.

The sudden blaze of sunlight after so many days in the

dark house almost blinded him, and he scarcely saw where he was going as he stumbled out ; but coming upon another lad he asked where Sandy was. Obtaining no satisfactory reply, he turned towards a barray, a sort of open Court-house, when he found himself in the very midst of a number of strange men—they were the war-boys who were waiting for him, and he had at last been betrayed into their hands !

“There was one man among them,” said Mr. Goodman in telling me the story, “whose expression is photographed on my mind. He had on a black worsted skull-cap and a white towel tied turban-fashion about his head. There was something the matter with one of his eyes, which made the evil light that shone in them scarcely less than fiendish, as he literally flashed them upon me, with a sort of demon satisfaction.”

With a howl of delight at the success of their ruse, our friend was immediately surrounded, and without further ceremony marched off in the direction of the old town with a brief and emphatic “Go Tikonko !”

Genda's town where he had been hiding, is quite close to Tikonko, so there was room for a faint hope that he would not now be taken beyond. That thought was doomed to swift dissipation ; when the company reached the eastern door and passed unhalting by, his hope faded away.

With a gruff “Go Bumpel !” he was hurried beyond the town entrance, round by the war-fence, and along the road he had previously taken when Tikonko had closed its door against him on the fateful day of the raid.

Even now he hoped that some protest would be made against his being marched off in this fashion—but though several people turned out to look at him, not one uttered a sound on his behalf ; and for good or evil he was left to the mercy of his captors.

It is impossible to resist the conclusion that this betrayal



"CHURCH, THE, SEAR THE DEVIL-HOUSE."
(Place where sacrifices are offered to the Tama Fetus.)

was pre-arranged. The disappearance of the women, the abnormal quiet, the schoolboy messenger, the absence of Sandy during the incident, and the failure of the Tikonkos to protest against his being taken away, all point to one sad and convincing conclusion.

Still, to do Sandy justice, we are bound to admit that he did much, under most difficult circumstances, to befriend and assist Mr. Goodman, and for this we are grateful; but when it is remembered that he was practically recognised as the leading chief, we do him no injustice when we say he could have frustrated this shameless betrayal of the man to whom he owed very much. Had he been a man of the force and character of the late Chief Macavoreh he would never have tolerated for a moment the thought of betraying Mr. Goodman into the hands of the Bumpe people.

Crossing the stream near the devil-house, they passed close to the spot where poor Johnson's unburied body still lay in sad evidence of his cruel fate, and were soon on their way to Bumpe. The sun was high in the heaven, and the fierce tropical heat beat down into the narrow bush-path on the strange company with their white captive. Travelling was exceedingly trying to Mr. Goodman, for having been forced away without his helmet he had only a handkerchief to protect his head. They, however, allowed him to rest occasionally, and it was most refreshing when a turn in the road led into the forest and the deep shadows proved a shelter from the burning heat.

Sometimes he stooped by the numerous streams they crossed, and cooled his fevered hands in the running water—a delicious but risky expedient. His captors were strangely mixed in their conduct. Occasionally they would shrink from him as if in awe; at other times they were brusque and decidedly rude, though without attempting to injure him. Becoming more familiar as the journey proceeded, they displayed great

curiosity as to the contents of the white man's pockets, and had soon pursued their investigations so far as to relieve him of the necessity of carrying his own money! At one place where they plunged perspiring into the cool stream, they were consumed with a desire to persuade him to join them in a bathe, evidently, as was afterwards demonstrated, for the purpose of possessing themselves of his clothes. One man in a burst of friendliness offered him his pipe—black, strong, and nasty, and urged him to smoke it! While a halt was being made at one of the shady resting-places, Mr. Goodman observed a war-boy smelling something, which, on examination, turned out to be a tabloid of Zymine from his own medicine chest.

So the hours of this strange and memorable journey passed, and our friend drew near to the crisis of those thrilling experiences through which he has gone so calmly and so bravely, and also without bringing out of them a fragment of bitterness towards the people at whose hands he has suffered so much.

CHAPTER IX.

TOUCHING HANDS WITH DEATH.

WHEN they were within a mile-and-a-half of Bumpé the behaviour of his captors underwent a sudden and unpleasant change. On the way they had been humane—heathen if you will, yet humane in spite of that, and a certain kindness to their strange and patient captive they could not altogether repress; but now they were nearing Bumpé, the city of Mendi braves, the stronghold of the war—avaunt kindness! they were war-boys again!

Mr. Goodman was roughly told to sit down, and in a few minutes they had stripped him of everything except his under-vest and pants—dragging them from him “like skinning a rabbit,” as he himself describes it. When he next heard of his watch a Mendi warrior was wearing it as a charm to resist the bullets of the English! After they had divided his belongings among them, the march was resumed, though under very different conditions. It was a cruel and bitter pilgrimage along that stony, burning road, as he crept slowly with bruised and naked feet; but it came at last to an end, and led, by God’s mercy, to a very different issue from that, which, at first, there was every reason to expect.

Someone had been sent before to proclaim the approach of the party, and when they reached the banks of the Tavey, on which Bumpé stood, the townspeople were already flocking to the waterside. The war-horns blared, and the news flashed

from lip to lip, while the crowd poured out to witness the novel and unprecedented sight of a defenceless, and half-naked missionary, being marched in cruel triumph into their midst.

They were ferried across the river in a canoe, and a halt was made in a fine cleared space outside the town. This was the place of judgment, and the fate of the captive would here be soon decided. Footsore and exhausted by the ordeal through which he had already passed, Mr. Goodman was permitted to seat himself on a fallen tree, and for a time was prey to the curious eyes of the crowd around him.

Stinging though he was with the sense of this bitter humiliation, and fully realising his danger, he yet maintained a brave attitude, and gave himself to prayer. Cruel things had happened here at Bumpe during the past weeks, and he was himself now in the hands of those who were said to thirst for his life. Though he did not then know it, the bodies of Allen, his Mafway friend, and of Campbell, his school teacher, were rotting on the banks of the river not far from where he sat.

By-and-by he was conscious that a pair of eyes were fastened on him, and looking up he saw a man standing over him whose face was convulsed with hate. The passion in the man's countenance gave intensity to his action ; there was no mistaking what his dramatic movements were designed to convey ; they plainly signified that the missionary would be put to death. He drew his finger across his throat, stretched his hands by his sides, stiffened his face and limbs, and closed his eyes ; then, waking out of his feigned death he confidently shouted, "A fuli gi !" "This ! To-day !" *i.e.*, "To-day you die !"

This roused Mr. Goodman so thoroughly that he flashed back a look defiant with hope, bright with the assurance that there is a Deliverer of the defenceless. Mentally he answered the "A fuli gi" with "*You do not know—you do not reckon upon God.*" It was a brave thought, and its faith was fully justified by what followed.

But Gruburu the King has come, and the trial is commencing. Gruburu is seated on a chair; he suffers from paralysis, and has been brought to the spot astride the back of one of his carriers. Apparently there is no distinction to be made between the sexes—both being allowed to be present and take part in the “palaver” that is to decide the missionary’s fate.

Gruburu’s chair was placed over against the log whereon Mr. Goodman was seated, and an irregular circle was formed around him. Behind the King’s chair was a large company of eager spectators, while on his right, on a slight elevation, were many of the older women, and nearer Mr. Goodman, also seated on a log, were a number of the sub-chiefs. Behind Mr. Goodman were his captors and other war-boys, some of whom could speak a little English; and immediately in front were the clothes of which he had been so unceremoniously deprived.

A great hush fell on the company when one of those who brought him stood forth to recite the story of his capture; not a voice was heard but the speaker’s own, and he told what he had to say in a manner that was, on the whole, sympathetically received. Still, inflammable matter was not wanting, and as the discussion proceeded, our friend had just one petition to God that he kept urging. It was that their councils might be divided.

While he was yet praying his petition was strikingly answered—it was literally “Ask and receive”—for an old man rose and, coming forward, entered a strong plea for his life. It was the speech of a heathen prophet, with a strange resemblance to the plea of Pilate’s wife. He spoke with intense earnestness, and as his words flowed forth his bent form straightened, and his anxious face was inspired with a new light. While the clearing still rang with his strong voice murmurs of subdued approval escaped many lips.

Meantime, while this was transpiring, a woman, separating herself from the crowd behind the King's seat, had come forward, halted in front of Mr. Goodman, and given him a most apprehensive and penetrating look. It was impossible for the moment to divine what it meant; but when the captive looked again, the woman was lying prostrate before the King, clasping his feet and pleading with him in a voice of deep emotion.

Presently, Gruburu was heard replying in a tone of conciliation; he was evidently promising to grant her request, and having gained her point, she rose from his feet, and seated herself near him, on his left. The King was now ready to give his decision, and every ear was strained to catch his words.

With a quick intuition of what was coming, a wave of sympathy had passed over the entire assembly, and the King's carrier, who spoke English, prepared to translate the saving message to the man who was touching hands with death. Its reception must be imagined, for it cannot be described, even by our dear friend who passed through it all. So swift and utter was the reversal of the position that it was hardly possible to grasp the amazing truth. It was as if the radiant gates of life had suddenly opened where a moment earlier, cruel death had yawned to receive him, and in the rush of emotion and delirium of gratitude he could only sit dumb with a great thankfulness.

"The King says you are his friend. You have come to this country to do good and to show the God-palaver. You are not a Government man; you are not a trader; you are not a kru-bah (soldier). He says you stand like our women who know nothing about war—you do not fight. You teach the children book; you learn the young ones sense. You are kind to all women; you "mend" people when they are sick. This is all good; there is no bad in it—you shall not be killed. You have been brought here; you are in the King's hand; be not



CHUQUING HANDS WITH DEATH : MR. GOODMAN BEFORE CRUISE.

afraid, you shall not die in this town. The King will care for you till the war is done. His word is finished."

As the King ceased speaking, and the interpreter had said the last word, the Mendi Esther, who had pleaded for the life of the man who was not of her own people, gave a loud clap with her hands, and a moment later scores of other hands came together with a sound that made the forest echo with a hearty endorsement of the merciful judgment of Gruburu.

CHAPTER X.

CAPTIVITY.

THERE was one bold protest as the crowd dispersed ; it was the cut-throat man who loudly claimed that the white man ought to die ; but the defiant “ Beva ? ” “ Why ? ” of the woman who had pleaded so eloquently, was more than he could answer.

By the King's command Mr. Goodman's clothes were restored to him, and there on the spot he was gently assisted to put them on. His waistcoat only was given to the leader of his captors, who cast an intensely envious look at the boots, on which he had set his vain heart. In his bitter disappointment, he, too, looked as if he thought the white man ought to die—then his possession of the boots would have been ensured !

After Gruburu had departed, the general feeling became even more marked, and many who could speak the Sierra Leone patois gathered round Mr. Goodman in token of the sympathy they could only imperfectly express. As the Mendi law then stood, everything English was proscribed, hated ; but when the King had made so merciful an exception in refusing to take the life of this solitary “ God-man ” who could rebuke the lesser infringement of broken-English used to utter strong emotions that leapt “ native from the heart ” ?

It was an intense relief to Mr. Goodman when he was led away by the person into whose charge he had been given, and found himself in the quiet of the meanest of mud huts. The

day had been one of terrible strain ; the cruel betrayal, the hatless journey in the burning sun, the half-naked entry into Bumpe, the peril of his strange trial, the wonderful deliverance ; and so deep was the impression they had made on brain and nerves, that his confused senses continued to re-enact the strange panorama far into the night. He was glad, even for the unmusical scream of the parrots, since their salutation to the grey of the morning foretold the approach of another day.

During Saturday and Sunday several persons came stealthily to see him, and all in their separate ways tried to assure him of his safety. "The King is a good man," said some ; "You will not die here," said others ; thus his heart was strengthened and hope made strong. At times, when the war-horns were blown, it was whispered that the case was coming up again ; but however much certain of them may have desired it, their wish was never gratified.

His dwelling proved most dirty and uncomfortable ; the broken roof let in the rain upon the rude device which did duty as a bed, and the damp thatch preventing the smoke of the wood-fire from escaping, made the night intolerable. He had to sleep (?) in his clothes and boots, while his only pillow was a piece of wood, till some compassionate person lent him a somewhat "odorous" gown.

The promise of better quarters was followed on Monday by his being taken to Kotemawo, a pleasant town in the forest, an hour's walk from Bumpe. The chief, it was stated, knew English, and had good houses ; his reception, however, was the reverse of assuring ; the said chief flatly refusing the honour of entertaining him, unless he received the charge direct from the King himself. This necessitated a return to Bumpe on Wednesday, for the sake of this man who would not be satisfied with less than the King's own word—and the circumstances demanded that Mr. Goodman also should accompany his host-elect.

The King received the captive very kindly, and with many assurances of protection, but there was never a word of his being liberated till the war ended. On the morrow he should return to Kotemawo and remain there in peace till the fighting was over.

Most conflicting reports were now current in Bumpe, fragments of which our friend gathered from different sources ; but they were so contradictory that it was impossible to gauge with any certainty the facts behind them. They served, however, to keep the town in a ferment of excitement, and every prisoner anxious. He could not discover how many captives there were, but he saw and conversed with several. He was the only white person, indeed, he was the only European who fell into the hands of the rebels and was spared.

He did not return to Katemawo as was promised ; then, and throughout his captivity there was a most harassing uncertainty as to what would happen from day to day ; commands and counter-commands keeping heart and mind on the rack. The decision now was that he should keep as near as possible to the King ; Kemah, the King's favourite wife, and Kawgay, his carrier, showing the unfortunate missionary great kindness. When the war-boys were about, Kawgay was very careful to hide Mr. Goodman, saying significantly, "The King is only *one* ; don't let *them* see you !"

This entailed considerable confinement, but it was better than falling into the hands of his enemies, and he was not without evidence that they did not concur in the decision that spared him alive. One day the cut-throat man obtained access to his presence, and was evidently of the same mind still. Had he dared he would have done the captive an injury, but he had to content himself with impotent expressions of his rage. He glared fiercely, muttered imprecations, spat on the wall to imply his utter disgust, and marched off.

Whenever it was thought safe, he was allowed to venture out

for a little exercise, yet the discomfort and privations soon began to affect his health. The anxiety and strain he had gone through since the Mission was raided were enough in themselves to shake the health of a strong man; but in addition to these he was experiencing prolonged misery through circumstances which were inseparable from his captivity. He passed his days cooped up in a cold mud hut



WITHIN THE WALLS OF IKONKON.

without a scrap of furniture; he wore the same garments day and night for a considerable time, without the possibility of a change, or of even getting what he had washed; he was attacked with dysentery and had not a single medicine to alleviate his

suffering, and this in an African rainy season, when life in the bush is a great hardship, even under most favourable conditions. The wonder is, that this is not the memoir of a man who succumbed, rather than a brief record of great suffering, nobly and uncomplainingly borne. To God be the praise!

Proper food was a very difficult problem; there was often plenty of the coarse and sustaining country rice, but the cooking was not inviting, even when it came from the royal kitchen.

"Dey don kill goat, na dat you go eat dis net (night)" said Kawgay, cheerfully, in his imperfect English, hoping to gladden the sick captive; but when the evening meal arrived, it consisted of a mysterious palm-oil gravy, that the server described as "*Goat-belly soup!*" Fruit was scarcely to be had, but one day a visitor brought him some mangoes, which proved of great value, for eating them with their skins, he experienced some abatement of his dysentery.

Wednesday, 18th May, introduced a bright and cheering variation, for on that day he was visited by Vunju, a sub-chief, whom he immediately recognised, and from whom he afterwards received the greatest consideration and kindness. The meeting was very cordial on both sides, and a most refreshing influence it had upon the captive. Vunju gratefully recalled how he had visited the Tikonko Mission soon after the work started, and how, during an illness, Messrs. Goodman and Vercoe had given him medicine and nursed him. That kindness he carried in his heart till now, and would be glad to show it, doing all he could to help the missionary who had been so good to him five and a-half years before. He promised all assistance in his power, and to use his influence on Mr. Goodman's behalf. He gave him some leaves of tobacco to purchase anything he desired, he provided a mug for his use, and lent him clean garments—indeed, he spared no pains to alleviate the many discomforts of his position.

The true story of Vunju's life would be a strange and interesting romance. As a Mendi boy he had been brought under the influence of an American Missionary Society, which many years ago had stations on the Big Bum river. Being a bright, smart lad, and displaying educational aptitudes he was taken to America and trained, afterwards returning to his own country, baptised with the honourable name of that great American preacher, Henry Ward Beecher. There was a wide gulf between those old days and the present, but the memory of them could not have altogether faded from the mind of the man who sought out and ministered to the white missionary in his loneliness and trouble.

CHAPTER XI.

THE FALL OF BUMPE.

WHEN Mr. Goodman had nearly reached the end of the third week of his captivity, the confidence and assertiveness of the Mendies showed great abatement. Braggadocio gave place to consternation, and the glowing pictures of Mendi victories dissolved into the route of the reputed invincibles. The English were no longer being driven into the sea—they had suddenly become an irresistible tornado before which the war-boys were carried like leaves of the forest. The Sierra Leone Government was now thoroughly awake to the situation, and at all points of the conflict, from Karene, to Sulima, the troops were in victorious pursuit of the rebels.

During the afternoon of Friday, May 20th, swift runners brought the alarming news—“*The English are coming; the English are coming!*” They had re-taken Mafway, and pressing on had burnt Makoba, and would soon be at Bumpe. The message was received with blank dismay, and for the moment seemed to paralyse all hearts. Presently the war-horns were blown, and the chiefs-in-council decided upon a rapid exodus of all but the fighting men, who were immediately set to work to strengthen the stockades and fences.

By four o'clock fear had increased to panic, and the exodus had become a stampede. The hurry, clamour, and confusion were indescribable, as the non-combatants rushed out of the doomed town carrying their chattels. This curious host of

involuntary pilgrims bore cooking pots, bundles, zinc pails, calabashes, and tin boxes, containing the limited but treasured accessories of their heathen life. It was a strange company : the decrepid King astride the back of his faithful Kawgay, old men out of whose blood the war-fires had died, old women endowed with the energy of fear, naked children panting under the strain of heavy burdens, half-naked mothers, who in addition to their bundles, carried their little ones strapped to their backs, and in the midst of the queer caravan, C. H. Goodman, the captive missionary, having as his personal attendant "Henry Ward Beecher," the sub-religious convert of other days.

It was a mortifying sensation to be a fugitive with such companions, he, an Englishman, fleeing in a Mendi panic, and from his own countrymen ! He had prayed and longed for the coming of those who might effect his rescue, yet, now, when they were at last approaching, he was being helplessly drifted beyond their reach. On they went for hours, far into the forest and the darkness of the night. It was a dreadful journey, and not until they were utterly exhausted did they reach the little *fakie* where it was proposed to stop. Thoroughly spent with the tramp, and for want of food, Mr. Goodman could hardly drag himself into a hut.

But, distressing as it was, the situation was not entirely devoid of humour. When he crept into a hut he saw a woman sitting in the fire-light helping herself *a la mode Mendi* to some food in a bucket. Thought the famished man—"If she offers me, I must eat, even though she is dipping it up with her dirty hands." His looks perhaps betrayed him, for hospitality stirred the heart of my lady of the bucket, and fishing out a piece of beef, she tore it in two with her fingers, and held out one portion in a greasy hand towards the white man. His own thin hand met the greasy one, and he took the dole, smothered his qualms, and with a smile relished the beef !

On the way too, a remark had been made that had so strong an undertone of assurance in its naïvete that it suggested both laughter and tears. In the dense darkness he had stumbled so often, that Beecher proposed to go before holding one end of a stick, while Mr. Goodman followed gripping the other like a blind man. After a while he heard a voice in the darkness at the other end of the stick saying, "*You will remember this when you write your book!*" Bravo Beecher! That saying of yours deserves to be cherished as a lesson in the fine art of encouragement!

From this date till the middle of June Mr. Goodman was detained in a small town near this fakie; and dark were the days, and sad the experiences of the former portion of the time. He had a sharp return of dysentery which made him very ill, and day by day he grew thinner and weaker, and the conditions of his life less and less tolerable. Food was exceedingly scarce, and for such as there was he had no appetite; the nights were sleepless and long, while the smoke of the fire intended to warm the house almost smothered him. The only bed was a flat elevation of mud about eight inches above the level of the floor, and that was infested with disgusting vermin.

Sometimes it did seem as if the life so wonderfully spared at the trial, would ebb away in the filth and squalor of this Mendi hut, and it is not surprising that even hope itself was almost extinguished. One thing, however, was very cheering to the invalid; it was the tender and unstinted devotion of Beecher, who gave the sick man his own country-cloth and slept uncovered on the floor beside him.

Meantime the fortunes of war were altogether against the Mendies. True, the alarm concerning Bumpe had been premature; but, on Sunday, May 29th, there were ample evidences that the soldiers had reached the Mano district to the north, and the smoke of Foya and Jagbema indicated with what result. Now the tide of fugitives set in from the north,

and for several days the little village was packed with people who herded together like driven cattle. It was a pitiable sight, and stranger still, some of them who discovered Mr. Goodman's presence and condition visited him to express their sympathy with a "Be na oi"!

On June 3rd, Gruburu, who had all the time remained in the village returned to Bumpe promising to send carriers next day for Mr. Goodman; but unexpected difficulties delayed its fulfilment. Then too, the captive's illness turned to black-water fever, that most dangerous form of tropical disease, and his life trembled in the balance; but here a most providential thing occurred. The King had thrice sent to Tikonko for Mr. Goodman's helmet, and when at last it was forwarded, Boyma, the lad before mentioned, thoughtfully sent with it a Bible, some capsules, and quinine. Nothing could have been more opportune—the medicine acted like magic, and the fever began to abate.

On the morning of June 12th, the little town was disturbed quite early by sounds of an engagement, and as the noise came from the Bumpe direction, it was clear that the English were at last besieging that notorious stronghold. The interval since the premature alarm had been spent in perfecting its defences, manufacturing charms, and invoking the aid of witchcraft in its protection; they now thought their stockades impregnable, and did not believe the English could cross the river guarded by their terrible fetich. But the sixty-strong detachment of the W. I. Reg., under a couple of white officers, soon destroyed their fatuous belief, and reduced their town to ruins. The besiegers had spent the night cooped up in a little farm-shelter, and stumbled against the Bumpe walls in the early morning after a very short march.

The war-boys in the town offered a brave resistance, but it was utterly futile and after a short battle they fled by way of the river; but the withering fire of the soldiers emptied the canoe

several times before they abandoned that way of escape and hid in the bush. The detachment contented itself with burning the town, after which it retired again to the camp at Mafway.

During the battle great excitement was felt where Mr. Goodman was captive. Even at that distance it was easy to distinguish the difference between the work of trained men, and the replies of the war-boys. The simultaneous burst of musketry indicated the company-firing of disciplined fighters, while the irregular "pop-pop" of the defenders, showed how great was their disadvantage.

For the greater part of the day, the village was almost empty, the folk having gone to an adjoining hill to watch the battle. Some of the captives even joined the spectators, and it cost one unfortunate fellow named Thomas his life. He had simply, with great want of thought, expressed himself as confident that the Mendies would suffer defeat—it was made a "palaver" and on the following Tuesday he was taken into the bush and murdered.

When at last the curling smoke showed that Bumpe was burning, and arriving fugitives told of utter defeat, the people's heart became like water; it was hardly possible for them to realise the calamity. Bumpe was one of the oldest towns in the Mendi country; its stout walls had resisted many foes; its stockades they thought invincible; the defenders were the picked warriors of the land.

But Bumpe had fallen; the strong town on the banks of the Tavey was a heap of smoking ruins; and a hundred evil deeds had been avenged.

CHAPTER XII.

DELIVERANCE AND HOME.

AFTER this crushing defeat, there was a short period of uncertainty; but on Friday, June 17th, the King sent word to inform Mr. Goodman that he wished to see him, and would send for him the following day. The bearer of the message was duly authenticated by bringing with him the King's staff—which in this case was a native whip. This curious and interesting custom is observed universally among the Mendies, each chief having some symbol by the production of which the messenger proves himself to be the bearer of royal commands.

True to the King's word, the convoy arrived, and early next morning with a glad heart our friend said farewell to that place. The first portion of the journey was by water. When all was ready he was carried down the slippery bank of the stream in the strong arms of a native, placed in a canoe, and paddled away. At a convenient landing-place he was gently lifted out, and after being borne some distance through the bush, set down in a small clearing. He soon discovered, on looking around him, that he was in the presence of the King; it was a genuine pleasure and relief to see Gruburu again, and the King appeared just as delighted to see the missionary.

The place to which he had now been brought was very small indeed, consisting only of about three huts, though there

seemed sufficient people to require a dozen. One was a large square building, and the captive was allotted quarters therein, someone considerably rigging him up a bed of sticks and banana leaves. At night, however, he found that he was not by any means to occupy this spacious place alone. To make the house cosy, fires were lit, a luxury of which the Mendi is particularly fond during the rainy season; then a hammock was suspended between the fires, a man rolled into it, who was soon fast asleep, in spite of the smoke. Near the walls there were three elevations, described in another part of this account as "mud beds" and these were occupied by no less than eight persons; two men and a woman in the first, two men in the second, and two men and a woman in the third! Nine natives and a white man sleeping in one room! It was a veritable African "doss-house," and was a novel experience, even to him whose adventures had been so strange!

This over-populated fakie was really the King's hiding-place, and for several days Mr. Goodman here remained in close companionship with him. The chief men of the tribe knew where to find Gruburu when they wanted him, and messengers were constantly passing to and fro; but what fighting was being done was still in the hands of his co-Chief, Berewa, a cruel man, who was largely responsible for the worst things that had happened.

Evidences now began to manifest themselves that the people were getting thoroughly sick of the rebellion, and were recognising how impossible it was for them to maintain the defiant position they had assumed; some even spoke bitterly against those who had led them into war. One day, the general feeling took definite shape, and a deputation waited upon Gruburu and begged him to send to Col. Cunningham, the officer in charge of the Government troops at Mafway, to stop the war. The King replied diplomatically in general terms of consent; but he personally desired to approach the

Colonel with the air of an injured innocent, and ask for an explanation why Bumpe had been burnt!

Messengers were accordingly dispatched to fulfil this delicate bit of political diplomacy, and bring back reasons for the injury done to the "innocent" man hiding in the "doss house" village.

But events had already transpired which prevented this "artful dodger" message from reaching its destination. On the way they were met by ambassadors from the Colonel himself, who were the bearers of a less ingenious, but more startling communication; and Gruburu's envoys turned home again with those from the camp.

Colonel Cunningham was now thoroughly established at Mafway, and was throwing himself with great energy and wisdom into the task of restoring law and order, obtaining the submission of rebellious chiefs, and securing the liberation of all surviving captives. Strange and pathetic scenes were daily witnessed in the military depôt as women and children were brought in naked and famished from the places where they had suffered so cruelly. Hardly a Sierra Leone man had survived, and as the rescued women met within the camp they fell upon each other's necks with loud lamentations, in which the cries of fatherless children mingled.

After enduring terrible experiences in their captivity, Mrs. Roberts, Mrs. George, together with Mrs. Johnson and her two children had all reached the camp and been delivered up in safety; and in returning these captives the Tikonko chiefs had decided to make their submission to the Government. Accordingly, Sandy and two others were chosen to convey this decision to Colonel Cunningham, and for this purpose they visited Mafway. When, however, Mrs. Roberts, who had previously reached the camp, saw them, she at once identified Sandy's two companions as the leaders of those who had murdered her husband, and they were placed under arrest.

Sandy himself also underwent a severe examination which clearly elicited the part he had played in the raid on the Tikonko Mission, and subsequent events, and he was put into the guard-room as a prisoner with the understanding that he would be held as hostage for Mr. Goodman's safe return, and failing that, he, Sandy, would be shot. It was a drastic measure, but that was what the circumstances demanded. The Colonel wrote the letter, but Sandy found the persons to carry it, and the messengers were on their way when met by those from Gruburu.

When the bearers of this communication reached the King, the presence of Mr. Goodman gave a somewhat dramatic turn to the incident, for he was himself first called upon to read the letter demanding his own release. It was addressed to Gruburu and Berewa calling upon them to immediately surrender themselves to the Colonel at Mafway, and to unconditionally release the Rev. C. H. Goodman and all other prisoners.

The letter having been translated and another written, immediate preparations were made to send Mr. Goodman himself as the bearer of the King's reply, and in addition he was invested with plenary powers as an intercessor. As to Gruburu's surrender, he slyly pleaded that he was too infirm to undertake the journey; Berewa was a warrior and strong, he was the man to go! Let Berewa accompany Mr. Goodman! But Berewa himself was too solicitous for his own safety to yield to such polite thoughtfulness except under military persuasion, so the Missionary Advocate had to undertake his errand without the countenance and support of the wily and cruel Berewa.

The termination of his captivity could not but send a thrill of great joy through his heart; but Mr. Goodman could hardly help "a lump" rising in his throat as he said "Good-bye" to Gruburu. Whatever part he may have played in the rebellion,

or however ruthlessly he may have taken the lives of others who had fallen into his hands, he had been remarkably considerate to our friend. His clemency had saved the missionary's life; his appreciation of Mr. Goodman's work as described by the woman who clung to his feet, averted the fate that seemed so certain; and his kindness had softened the hardships of a painful captivity.



Photo] (Cey., Noronah.

REV. C. H. GOODMAN.

(During his previous visit to England.)



Photo] (Rev. C. H. Goodman.

REV. C. H. GOODMAN.

(On his return to England after the captivity.)

On his part, Gruburu himself was not unmoved. His heart had gone out to his sick captive, the patient white man who had been so strangely thrust into his custody; and, without in the faintest degree perceiving the irony of his question, he asked when Mr. Goodman would come back again? And the missionary with never a thought of the

bitter things he had suffered ; forgetful of the frail condition of his health, and praying only to be allowed to build again that which had been destroyed, answered : " If God wills, when the rains are over."

It is a splendid tribute to the character of Mr. Goodman, as well as a favourable index to the possibilities of Gruburu, that with mutual respect the Christian Missionary and the heathen King said the farewell that terminated their singular relationship.

Four days after that farewell, a strange procession approached the Mafway Camp. It was headed by a Mendi woman bearing a white flag, while behind her came native carriers carefully bearing on their heads a rough hammock wherein reclined, frail and shattered, the man whose sufferings are here so imperfectly told. Two months before he had been ignominiously hurried half-naked to Bumpe to die ; now they are tenderly bringing him back out of the jaws of death, out of the gates of hell. The whole camp is moved with deep emotion at his coming ; the Colonel and Dr. Berne hasten to give him a glad welcome on his return to liberty. Eight weeks only have passed since the Mission was raided ; but they have made the havoc of as many years in his wiry frame. It was hard to believe that the man they lifted out of the hammock was the Tikonko Missionary, indeed, even Mrs. Johnson did not recognise him at first, so greatly had he changed. His beard had grown and was streaked with grey ; his face was haggard and furrowed with suffering ; while his shrivelled body plainly showed his illness and severe privations.

As soon as nursing and care had sufficiently strengthened him for the journey, he was removed to Bonthe, and as early as possible after, a message was flashed under the waters to those whose hearts were aching and praying in the homeland. When the news of Mr. Goodman's safety reached England, our Annual Assembly was in Session at Lincoln, and no one

present will ever forget the deep thrill of glad emotion that passed in thankfulness over every heart as the General Missionary Secretary read the cablegram :

“GOODMAN ALIVE.”

Strong men were moved to tears, and it was spontaneously felt that doxology and prayer gave true expression to hearts that overflowed with gratitude at the good news.

THE END.

